

Molasses Who Prey ON Women

Promoters of Fake Investments Regard Those Who Make Own Living as Most Profitable Specialties.

ONE of the inevitable results of the financial independence of wage earning women is a corresponding independence in the matter of seeking investments. Women who have secured their money without masculine aid naturally feel at liberty to invest it without masculine advice. Before proceeding upon this natural theory, however, women should be equipped with a knowledge of the fact that the promoters of fake investments have come to regard women as one of their most profitable specialties, and that the art of fleecing them has been cultivated with the greatest care. Experience has taught unscrupulous "promoters" that it is easier to secure money from women than from men through at least two lines of appeal to

which women are more susceptible than men. The first of these is the appeal to wage earning women as "business women" and the flattering inference that as such they will recognize the opportunity for a good investment, quite ignoring the fact that much of wage earning is done under duress, and does not of necessity imply knowledge of business affairs. The second line of appeal which tempts many women to go into fake deals is that made to feminine vanity by the promoters of the scheme, who urge: "We believe in the intuition of women, and would rather have it in the counsels of our enterprise than cold masculine logic; a combination of both is the ideal, and that is why we are asking you to give us your aid and co-operation."

The idea of a connection with a big enterprise is, in very many instances, flattering to the woman who has never before had such an opportunity, and, moreover, many women have come to believe that optimism is in itself a sort of feminine virtue, while on the other hand they regard suspicion as a most unworthy trait. "Intuition" consists of faith in a favorable outcome. Hundreds of women are entrapped every year through some such subtle and flattering form of appeal.

Very often these campaigns for the savings of women are conducted along the lines of the professions and occupations in which large numbers of fairly prosperous women are naturally engaged. The first thing which the woman who is solicited to invest her savings in the stock or bonds of a mining, plantation, oil, or financial enterprise should bear in mind is the fact that in all probability the promoter who is talking to her has secured a list of the women belonging to a professional organization or a club with which she is associated, and if the woman thus appealed to merely communicated with her natural associates she could easily discover this for herself. But the whole affair is purposely surrounded by an air of mystery and "a special opportunity for you," which keeps her silent.

The wireless telegraphy scheme which was worked in Chicago several years ago will illustrate this. When wireless telegraphy was first demonstrated to be practical in its operation the swindlers saw a fresh and fascinating field in its manipulation. It had the charm of science about it and appealed to the progressive mind interested in the "onward march of civilization." An office was located convenient to the rooms of the board of education, which contained a wireless "demonstration apparatus," a full equipment of wireless literature, and—most important of all—a list of all the school teachers in the city. The women teachers received a broadside of literature in which handsome dividends were promised from an investment in the greatest scientific discovery of the age, and also an implication that the stock was offered first to educational people who were best fitted to understand its value and who would have sentimental as well as a material satisfaction from such an investment. When an abundant harvest had been garnered from the savings of women teachers, a series of maneuvers was instigated which left undistributed the possession of the promoter of the scheme the thousands of dollars he had acquired. The teachers received a "confidential and important" announcement from his office to the effect that the most powerful rival in the immediate field of his company's operations had consented to a consolidation on terms which he regarded as highly advantageous to all his investors. The consolidated company would be so much stronger than the one in which they had made their investment that they could not, of course, expect to exchange the stock on an even basis, share for share. He advised them, however, to increase their investment so that they could still retain their



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original number of shares which would not fail to prove immensely profitable. This appeal not only induced many of the original investors to put in additional money, but it also brought a fresh volume of recruits. A little

while later a second reorganization was announced—this time a consolidation with all of the principal wireless companies then in the field. It was explained that this not only did away with competition, but eliminated the

possibility of troublesome and expensive litigation with regard to patents and improvements. This was said to be a great victory, and his investors were again urged to surrender their old certificates, in a descending ratio,

Unscrupulous Have No Special "Appeals" to Ensnare the Feminine in Business and Get Savings.

for those of the now "complete" consolidation. As they were anxious for anything which promised to give them dividends on their investment they fell in line with the suggestion. At the time of the final consolidation the promoter disappeared—leaving behind him a wake of hardship, privation, and suffering.

There are many and varied planes and altitudes in the contemptible craft of swindling women, and the smaller the swindle the more contemptible it often is. Almost innumerable frauds are worked in this field in a petty way—nearly all of them based on an initial fee of some sort which is to give them the benefit of "easy and lucrative work at home." After the fee is paid the work furnished is either impossible in its requirements, or it is not furnished at all. Poor women in almost every State in the Union were defrauded by an "apron club" concern which claimed to be organized on a co-operative basis, and for the philanthropic purpose of affording those who "joined" a chance to earn easy money at home. The initiation or membership fee was \$2. The swindlers operating this scheme were prosecuted and convicted by the Federal Government, and in the trial it developed that many of the victims were widows who had believed that a membership in this club would permit them to earn a living for their families without the necessity of being absent from their little children. The "letter copying" scheme is another

development of "easy and profitable work at home" swindlers. Some fifteen of these petty swindlers were recently closed out in Chicago, and Detective Woodbridge, who handled the cases, found that a large and pitiable number of the victims were invalids, some of them bedridden.

There is one way by which poor women may know when they are being offered a swindle in the game of "work at home." If it develops that there is any kind of a fee demanded at the outset it is safe to class the proposition as a fraud, although the demand may be in a very plausible form—a "deposit" against "materials sent" or a "membership" in an organization. Many of these schemes are concerned with so-called "art work" and make that flattering appeal to "women of refinement and appreciation."

When it comes to an investment of any sort the promoters of which appeal to women who are comparatively or actually poor, to float their enterprise, is it not fair to assume that the thing is a swindle? If the investment had merit in the true sense of the term, could not its promoters readily obtain capital for it from business men with their eyes open? The promoter who makes it a business to secure lists of women in order to inveigle their savings from them is, on the face of it, open to grave suspicion of fraud.

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NEGLECTED LIVES LEAD TO SLUMS

WE are hearing and reading much at the present time relative to the unfortunates who live in the slums of our larger cities and in the waste places of our great big country. We are told of children who never have seen the green grass, who know not of the song of the birds, whose days are passed in the midst of great tenement blocks, where the pure air of heaven rarely comes. We read, too, of people in the country who live their dreary, weary, monotonous lives, rarely, if ever, seeing a neighbor or a passing traveler.

Our hearts go out in compassion to those who live their lives in this way. We know that not every child of the city is so unfortunate as some of the children mentioned; that not all people who live in the country districts are grinding their lives away between the millstones of the commonplace and the monotonous. We know that many children are sent by kindly disposed people to the country every summer, and that excursion rates to the circus as it comes to the county seat give and bring a little of good cheer to those who live far away from the haunts of men.

But while we are thinking of these neglected lives, it is well for us to remember that even in the higher strata of society, even among the fairly well-to-do in our American life, there is a great number of their own family who fail to appreciate the work they are doing, conscious of the fact that they are leading neglected lives.

Neglected not in the sense that they do not have enough to eat and drink. Neglected not as regards to their clothing. But neglected as regards the consideration in which they are held by the members of their own family, who fail to appreciate the work they are doing.

Too often the mother in the family leads a neglected life.

The average American family has, it is said, four children in it. In addition to these there is quite frequently besides the husband an aged father or mother of the husband or wife, a maiden aunt of uncertain years, or a brother or sister who needs for a few years the restraining hand, or the helping hand of the brother or sister older than himself. So it comes to pass that, very frequently, the mother in the home has the care of the household of six or seven on her hands.

Have you ever thought just what that means?

Do you know anything of the absolute urgency that is entailed upon the mother in the home under such conditions? Rarely is there a maid in the house to help with the work. There are beds to be made, rooms to sweep, meals to get, dishes to wash, clothes to patch and darn, stockings to mend and a thousand and one little things round about the house to do that only the mother can see and knows must be done.

When the husband comes home he can read the paper out on the porch while mother washes the dishes. Sister, home from the store, can go out calling while mother washes the dishes. Children can play in the yard or under the electric light while mother washes the dishes. Baby can go by-by while mother washes the dishes. And when the dishes are all done and a moment's rest is at hand, with again invariably company comes, children get hurt, or baby has a fall, and the drain on the nervous energy continues.

All have a chance to rest in the home but the mother.

And the strange part of it all is, very few realize just how much a mother is doing and how much they are neglecting her life and her happiness, until one day she breaks down or she raises her hand for the last time, and the well-earned rest is hers forever.

Today, when you are planning your outing, your picnic, your vacation, your visit home, remember the mother who makes these things possible for you. Ease her burden, make her work light, and let her know by your loving thoughtfulness that she is not unappreciated, that she is not neglected.

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HAPPINESS; WHAT IT IS

WHAT each and every one of us wishes for in life is the realization of as many as possible of the deep-seated desires for health, love, honor, and power which men have always held as the highest good of life.

Some people make good one of these great hopes—health. Others are able to secure love, or honor, or both, while others again succeed in commanding power.

Under these four headings come very many other objects of ambition, of hope, of success. Some people, although desirous of success, yet restrict themselves to success in love; and of love there are many kinds. There is love paternal, conjugal, pre- or post-conjugal, platonic love proper, or love of knowledge in the highest—love in God.

Even so it is with honor and power; but, whatever the subdivisions may be, it may be stated with fair completeness that the four great desires just mentioned contain all the elements conducive to happiness.

These four desires are fundamental; they are the essence of man, and whether he is to realize them or not depends not on luck, as many profess, but on his own will and energy.

Health is mostly a matter of common sense. Nature is distinctly British, in that she does not like to be interfered with or to be annoyed by questions. She wants to be left alone, in "splendid isolation." She has an ugly knack of hitting back hard, and the more we listen to her the more we shall have reason to be thankful to her. For reasons into which this is not the opportunity of entering, but too many people are desperately fond of browbeating nature, of despising the grand old lady, of sneering at her. It never pays. We can no more jump out of nature than over our own heads.

Of the health or integrity of honor, it may perhaps be said that it is, if possible, even more important than physical health. By honor we here do not mean only common moral integrity—that is, that one must not steal or lie. This is too self-evident. We mean that healthy relation to ourselves and to other people, which does not admit of that curse of modern life, of isolation. A great French Socialist thinker used to say that "property is theft." It was replied to him that, in that case, "honesty will steal longest." Honesty—by which here we mean resolute rejecting of all temptations to fall into a false position—is one of the most solid constants of success. Any attempt to take half measures, to remain in a post which is half charity, half business; to do what one distinctly hates doing; to aspire quite beyond one's means, or, to use the Yankee

phrase, to have a beer income and champagne tastes; any protracted relation to a woman whom one really does not love; all these, and a thousand similar situations, are the death of all success. The principal cause of all the innumerable misdeeds which have failed to found a family is precisely their having let themselves slide into a false position with regard to a certain man who was not the one they really needed. For that is the horror of false positions, that they fill the persons concerned with a sort of frantic obstinacy to persist in their false position in the teeth of all ordinary prudence. There is no more unpromising pride and conceit than that of the "rate," as the French call the man who is a failure in life. As his pride, or "morgue" (in reality his morgue), so is his or her obstinacy—unforgiving, intractable.

The quicker one gets out of such false positions the better. There is no excuse in saying that one was not aware of the position being a "false" one. No person is unaware of that. One feels it with the instinct of the animal; one ought to undo it with the force of a true man or a true woman.

Monster Kite

PROBABLY the most wonderful and ingenious achievement of a Chinese kitemaker is designed to represent a gigantic centipede. This is unquestionably the longest and most fantastic amusement device that has ever been constructed for aerial flight. From head to tail it measures nearly forty feet, and is made to fold up accordionlike. The fierce, large head of the creature, with long protruding horns, huge eyes, and gaping mouth, forms the front of the kite. This is the gem and marvel of the whole collection and entirely new to the eyes of the Western world. Its construction is as follows: Extending from head to tail and constituting the body portion are a series of bamboo sticks running crosswise to the center, to which are fastened twenty-five or more pasteboard disks a foot or more in diameter. These are painted in circles of black, yellow, and white, representing the all-seeing eyes of this mythological creature. A great number of narrow strips is fastened to the last piece of bamboo. By a mechanical contrivance the curved pieces of pasteboard forming the eyes are made to revolve by the wind while the kite is being flown. Seen in the air, with serpentine-like motion, its huge glaring eyes swiftly twirling in their sockets, the effect is said to be astonishingly realistic, producing quite an awe-inspiring scene to the Chinese mind at least.—Lillian E. Zeh, in the World Today.

IN A SPANISH TOWN

AFTER the day's work we liked to sit on the wall overlooking the road and the town and watch the sunset glow of gold and rose fade from the sky and the twinkling lights in the city below shine out one by one. Then would the historian point out the wonderful story told by this old Spanish town. The climate is kind of masonry, and many miles relics of the old Roman city were still in a state of usefulness. When the still night air enveloped the city the sereno walked abroad with his heavy blanket wound about his throat, holding his spear and lantern.

Around his waist was a huge leather belt, with rows of narrow pockets filled with keys. The old keyhole joke has found no place in Spanish humor, for when a householder approaches his home in the quiet, chilly hours, three sharp claps of the hands bring the sereno. He peers into the face of the sereno for recognition, looks down into the key pocket for the right key, gently leads him to his domicile and, quietly opening the door, with a low bow ushers him in, and with a softly-sung "Buenos noches," unlocks the portal and mentally calls out the hour—"Dos horas, sereno"—perhaps. From "Spanish Impressions," by Edward Penfield in the October Scribner.

Why Is It Beautiful Tots Ugly Grown-Ups Are Many?

IT is not only mothers made blind by love and pride who find their children beautiful and charming. No, even the unbiased observer is often surprised at the beauty and grace of children when he observes them in the parks or playgrounds.

It is a fact that at least three-fourths of all children between the ages of one and four years may lay claim to being beautiful as angels.

Plump, charming, and graceful they are, with the golden or dark hair framing smiling faces, eyes shining with the brightness of precious stones,

and with lips finely modeled and red as rubies.

There are so many beautiful children—and so many ugly-looking grown-up people. A strange contrast which seems hard to explain. Look at the people in a ballroom, a theater, or in the street, and you must be a very lenient judge if you do not admit that out of every ten you see only one passably good-looking and one beautiful.

"What happens, then, to all the beautiful children? What makes them change so? What robs them of the beauty which they possessed during their first years?"

To find an answer to these questions it is necessary to analyze the beauty of children in detail.

The most beautiful feature in children is no doubt their eyes—the big black, brown, or blue eyes. Their beauty lasts until their fifth or sixth year, when they seem to grow smaller and more insignificant; and the mother says with a sigh: "Oh, when my little one was two or three years old she had such beautiful big eyes!"

In reality, she has just as big eyes as before. The fact is that the eyes of children hardly grow at all. They remain exactly the same as they were; but, as the face grows bigger and fuller, the eyes grow less predominant.

It is the same with the luster of the child's eyes. The eye is the mirror of the soul, and the soul of the child is limpid, clear, unclouded. Later, when sorrows, trouble, and worry come, the eyes lose their brightness, reflect the unrest of the soul, and grow themselves restless, dim, and conscious.

Also, the nose of the child is beautiful. Little and soft, without any sharp or distinct outlines, it is; but it behaves exactly the opposite way of the eyes. It grows and grows, faster than the rest of the face, bends, stretches, and develops.

If the face does not keep up with it, it does not harmonize with the nose, this is called ugly, and spoils the face instead of making it beautiful.

A man with a big, full face and a too big nose is as ugly as one with a thin, narrow face and an insignificant nose. In the child, however, the little nose and the little face are nearly always in harmony.

It is again the same with the mouth of the child. The ordinary child's mouth is touchingly beautiful. It is small, the lips curved and blood red. Later it grows big, the lips grow thin and become brownish or faintly pink. This is not only because the mouth of the child grows, but also because no other feature is thus molded by habit as is the mouth. Through speaking and showing the mouth gets a shape, entirely different from its original one. Its color depends upon the state of health; anemic people have pale lips.

The sturdy, pretty little chap of three years grows up and grows angular, awkward and bony, and the little cherub of a girl gets poor legs, a poor carriage, the beauty of her body is spoiled by the corset; her charm is gone.

And then the misery of the hair: What often makes children beautiful is the loose hair, falling straight or in curls over the shoulders and making them look like angels.